

ARTHUR MACHEN

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

HENRY DANIELSON

LIBRARY

Brigham Young University

RARE BOOK COLLECTION

PR

6025

.A245

X55

1923

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



3 1197 22976 5596

ARTHUR MACHEN

* * * *This edition is limited to Five Hundred copies.*

UPB



Arthur Schopenhauer

ARTHUR MACHEN

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY
HENRY DANIELSON

WITH NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY
ARTHUR MACHEN

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY
HENRY SAVAGE

LONDON
HENRY DANIELSON

64 CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C. 2

1923

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN.
RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
PRINTERS, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

All rights reserved.

ARTHUR MACHEN

AN APPRECIATION

"There 'e is!" shouted a ragged news-hawker, not impudently but with a surprising sort of ecstatic pride, as a group of us stood chatting outside a Fleet Street hostelry one day; "that's 'im—the great Dr. Johnson!" It was a somewhat embarrassing but by no means contemptible tribute to Arthur Machen, not least of the men of letters of our day but certainly not modern mentally or, with his scholar's cloak and mass of silvered hair, in appearance. He has, indeed, some of the characteristics of Boswell's hero, and has "dressed" the part for the films and for a photograph still to be seen displayed in yet another of the many taverns of the quarter. But dogmatic as he may seem to be at times he is yet anything but the hectoring bully Johnson could be when in the humour; no Sir Oracle, whose mouth being open, no dog might bark. Machen's urbanity is that which develops into benignity with the years. When others are talking he listens with courteous attention. If anything tickles his fancy back goes his head with that loud laughter rarely heard among men. Learned without pedantry, a true scholar, his talk authoritative and enlivened by a fund of anecdote, a lover of life and the good things of life—never was man more remote from any form of nihilism!—dignified, polished, courtly; he meets less my idea of the irascible doctor than that of some great French ecclesiastic of the seventeenth century. And

a good hater withal. Royalist and cavalier, he would have played old Harry with presbyter and puritan of an earlier day. "What's the matter with Dr. Clifford?" once heatedly demanded a controversial defender of the Nonconformist leader. "What's the matter with typhoid!" retorted Machen shortly, ending the argument.

He belonged to a now defunct tavern society called The New Bohemians when, some fifteen years ago, I first met him. Once a week we sat around a table, drinking, talking, and firing off our verses occasionally. Loathing recited poetry he endured the verses, doubtless indulgently believing that youth should have its fling. The poets, for their part, looked coldly on discussions sometimes favoured by Machen and a devout few who found interest in the forms and ceremonies of the Anglican Church. But such differences of taste were mere trifles: all looked up to him as a writer of achievement. It could not be otherwise with readers of any discernment who knew his books. They were still caviare to the general, although at that time *Hieroglyphics* had long been published (in the dawn of the century), and *The Hill of Dreams* and *The House of Souls* were now appearing. That he had not a great name in the 'nineties, and is only now, indeed, coming into his inheritance, should be not, perhaps, surprising. Something of a hermit by disposition, he has never sought publicity; *The Chronicle of Clemendy*, an 'eighties masterpiece, circulated (and still circulates) only among private collectors; and *The Great God Pan* and other works of the kind, published when yellow was the hue, were too black for reviewers to stomach, and for that matter cannot be classed among his best work. As to the later years, had he

presently followed up *Hieroglyphics* and *The Hill of Dreams* with work of similar quality, he would no doubt have been recognized long since as the master of prose he is. But in the halcyon days of The New Bohemians he slid into Fleet Street and, for some ten years, was lost to literature until the recent appearance of *The Secret Glory* and *Far Off Things*. In the later days of his journalistic career, meeting him once when he was about to leave the street, as he hoped for ever, "A great joke," he chuckled; "they've entirely forgotten at the office that some person of importance is to place a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior to-morrow. I have described such ceremonies in terms of the English Church ritual at least one hundred and forty-seven times, and will so describe it no more. When, remembering, they rush round to my house early to-morrow morning, the little maid will have strict instructions to say firmly 'Mr. Machen is out!'"

Hieroglyphics is one of those books which, quite apart from its value as literature, can never be studied enough by the critic wishful to perfect himself in his art. It contains a theory of letters, expressed in the cyclical manner beloved of Coleridge, but avoiding that author's metaphysical haziness, inviting continual analysis until it is either accepted or refuted. Briefly, its thesis is that there can be no great literature without ecstasy, and, with this standard, *Don Quixote*, *Gargantua and Pantagruel* and—unexpectedly—*Pickwick*, are pronounced the world's greatest books in *belles-lettres*. To me *Hieroglyphics* is most wonderful because it is probably the only English work of its kind which explains Rabelais. In this country an unpleasant aspect of the national character is revealed

by the fact that the works of Rabelais are to be found chiefly in those shops an unforgettable picture of which, adroitly suggested rather than actually named, we owe to the genius of Joseph Conrad in *The Secret Agent*.

Let us never forget [says Machen] that the essence of the book is its splendid celebration of ecstasy, under the figure of the vine. . . . Then, in Rabelais you have another symbolism of ecstasy—the shape of *gauloiserie*, of gross, exuberant gaiety, expressing itself by outrageous tales, outrageous words, by a very cataract of obscenity, if you please, if only you will notice how the obscenity of Rabelais transcends the obscenity of common life; how grossness is poured out in a sort of mad torrent, in a frenzy, in a very passion of the unspeakable. Then, thirdly, there is the impression one collects from the book: a transfigured picture of that wonderful age: there is the note of that vast, interminable argument of the schools, and, for a respond, the clear, enchanted voice of Plato; there is the vision, there is the mystery of the vast, far-lifted Gothic quire; and those fair, ornate, and smiling *châteaux* rise smiling from the rich banks of the Loire and the Vienne. The old tales told in farmhouse kitchens in the Chinonnais, the exultation of the new learning, of lost beauty recovered, the joy of the vintage, the old legends, the ancient turns of speech, the new style and manner of speaking; so to the old world answers the new. . . .

After going on to point out, that in all probability, Pantagruel is “a hint of the stature of the perfect man, of the ideal man, freed from the bonds of the common life, and common appetites, having only the eternal thirst for the eternal vine”; and that he, Panurge and Frère John, “are not so much three different characters, as the representative of man in his three persons,” he ends:

think that when one knows of the key—or rather of the keys—one opens the pages almost with a sensation of dread. So it is a book that one consults at long intervals, because it is only at rare moments that a man can bear the spectacle of his own naked soul, and a vision that is splendid, certainly, but awful also, in its constant apposition of the eternal heights and the eternal depths.

No apology is needed for quotation at some length from this still little-known masterpiece of illuminative criticism. If Machen had written nothing else he would be assured of a permanent place in literature. And what a fine thing to have done!—to have taken Rabelais from the stews of English puritanism into realms where all great expressions of the spirit are sublimely above the dirt and noise of a world that chatters in sleep! With *Hieroglyphics* once read and made our own we are free to explore qualmlessly the great Frenchman's spiritual kingdom so far as our feeble soul-feet will take us.

The Hill of Dreams is another fine book, a novel notable for the perfection of its prose, as is *The Secret Glory*, but marred, as I think, by expressions of its author's hatred of nonconformity. These give me the same feeling as when listening once to a lengthy nonconformist oration at the funeral of a relative. It was positively indecent, in the presence of the dead man, to hear how good he had been to the Boy Scouts! As there is a dignity, a majesty, about death, so there should be a dignity in fine literature above deliberate attacks on things disliked; art, in a word, is the lesser for conscious propaganda. However, Machen's work, in general, is not for the critic's censure but for appreciation, praise and eulogy. It would be not difficult to be inspired by it to that very ecstasy he

himself finds basic in all work that has endured. That his own will delight lovers of English prose until English prose is no longer loved—an inconceivable contingency, unless something as good, or better, is in store—none with any pretensions to judgment can doubt. We lesser writers to whom literature is a great ideal; we who faint by the way and become resigned to the little we can do; may well acclaim, reverence, and be proud of writers of genius so far beyond our own minor powers and achievement. The light burns low and fitfully in these days of plutocracy. Men are inclined to sneer at the life of the artist and the wisdom of the old Latin author: *vita hominis sine literis mors est*. There are always people who would take the bread from the children and give it to the dogs. But while artists come into the world resolutely set on struggling through in the face of discouragement and poverty—too often their material reward—there will be not only pleasure and a wider culture for the reader at large, but a lamp for the writer who falters in darkness. And of such artists is Arthur Machen.

HENRY SAVAGE.

He, the Surviving, [Tom] has passed the Nine
Pylons of the Dark River: he has encountered
the Nine Dogs that lie in wait, ready to rend
the souls of unjust cats: he has uttered his
name, "The Righteous One": they have shrunk back
abashed before him: he has triumphed over the
horde of demons whose heads are as the heads of
~~and Aps~~ Rats and Newspaper Proprietors that infest the Path of
the Palace, giving them the word which is written in
the Hieroglyphic, "The reason for which", and in the Demotic,
"What for": they have fled shrieking. He has entered
the Palace: he has purloined & devoured a dish of chicken
and cream, especially prepared for the banquet of the
gods. well-so he has approached the Scales of Judgment:
he is weighed: he is not found wanting: the Victorious
~~of Aps~~ [Osiris] has smiled benignantly: the Conqueror [Osiris]
has commanded that this dish be Tom's portion
forever: he, the Surviving [Tom] reposes in
the bosom of Rasht: he is called "The Justified
in Sekht."

*Inscription for the tomb of Tom, a black cat, who was for more than sixteen
years a faithful servant of the house of Machen.*

ARTHUR MACHEN

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

ELEUSINIA : 1881

Eleusinia, | By a Former Member of H.C.S. |
[*Ornamental rule*] | Oudeis Muomenos Oduretai. |
[*Ornamental rule*] | Hereford : | Printed by Joseph
Jones, 10, Broad Street. | 1881. [*The title-page is
printed within an ornamental border-design in the form
of a book with clasps*]

Small crown 8vo ; pp. 16, consisting of Title-page, as
above (verso blank), pp. [1, 2] ; Text, pp. [3]-14 ;
pp. [15, 16] blank. At end of text is the following
printer's imprint : [a line] | *Joseph Jones, Machine
Printer, Hereford.* Each page of text is printed within
a one-line border.

Issued as a 16-page pamphlet, without wrappers. All
edges cut.

This collation is taken from what is probably the only
copy extant.

.

This is a horrible production. The only defence is
that it was written when I was seventeen, just after
I had left school. That being the case, it is a pity

that there is a mistake in the Greek epigraph: "muomenos" should be "muoumenos." I wished to have this epigraph in Greek characters, but Mr. Jones, the stationer, bookseller and printer of Broad Street, said that Greek type would be extra. 100 copies were printed of this small pamphlet.

It is a "poem." So far as I recollect, it was done by the process of turning the article "Eleusinia" in Smith's Classical Dictionary into verse, some of it blank, some rhymed, all of it bad.

"H.C.S." stands for "Hereford Cathedral School."

THE ANATOMY OF TOBACCO: 1884

The Anatomy of Tobacco: | or Smoking | Methodised,
 Divided, and Considered | after a New Fashion. |
 "Vast bodies of philosophy."—Abraham Cowley. |
 "Si quis in hoc artem populo non novit *fumandi* | *Me*
legat."—Ovid. Artis Amatoriæ, I. 1. | By | Leolinus
 Siluriensis, | Professor of Fumifical Philosophy in the
 University of Brentford. | [*Publisher's circular device*] |
 Imprinted for George Redway, and to be sold by him |
 at his Shop in York Street, near to Covent Garden. |
 MDCCCLXXXIV.

Crown 8vo; pp. viii + 88, consisting of Title-page, as
 above (verso blank), pp. [i, ii]; *Imprimatur* (verso
 blank), pp. [iii, iv]; Table of *Contents* (verso blank),
 pp. [v, vi]; *Preface* (signed A. LL. J. M.), pp. [vii],
 viii; *Historical Introduction*, pp. [1]–8; Text, pp. 9–
 86; pp. [87, 88] are occupied by a list of *Mr. Red-*
way's Publications. At foot of p. 86 is the following
 printer's imprint: [a line] | *Printed by Jas. Wade,*
18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, London.

Issued in cream parchment boards, lettered up the back
 in brick-red as follows: *Anatomy of Tobacco* and
 across the front in brick-red as follows: *The Anatomy* |
of Tobacco Back cover blank. Top edges unopened,
 fore-edges uncut and unopened, lower edges uncut.
 Pale grey end-papers.

In 1883, aged twenty, I was up in London, trying
 to make a living. At first I tried the "editorial"
 department of Messrs. Marcus Ward, educational pub-
 lishers. I got tired at the end of a month and left.
 Then I taught a family of small children, getting, if I
 remember, twenty-five shillings a week for doing so.
 I lived on dry bread, green tea and tobacco, and saved
 money. I inhabited one room of a house in Clarendon

Road, Bayswater. It measured, I should say, ten feet by six. There was no fireplace in it, so in winter I sat in my greatcoat and made the best of the gas-jet. I was almost without a friend in London, so life on the whole was rather lonely.

However, I read everything I could get hold of; and somehow I got hold of a book of scholastic logic, a science I had never studied before. I found it entrancing, and thus out of tobacco and logic, the two chief solaces of my loneliness, I made a book, "The Anatomy of Tobacco," and in the occupation of making it found a third and most powerful relief. And "The Anatomy" had this further merit, that it put a final stop to my writing of bad verse.

It was published by an odd accident. I was always a dabbler in the occult sciences, and had been re-reading Hargrave Jennings's "The Rosicrucians," a farrago of captivating nonsense. Reading also in Herodotus, I found there an account of certain Egyptian mysteries, and I saw a point that Jennings might have made in his mad argument and wrote to him about it. He gave my address to his publisher, George Redway, and Redway sent me his publication list, which contained some books dealing with tobacco; and thus I was moved to send the MS. of "The Anatomy" to Redway.

THE HEPTAMERON: 1886

The Heptameron or Tales and Novels of | Marguerite
Queen of Navarre now first | completely done into
English Prose and | Verse from the Original French by |
Arthur Machen | Privately Printed. | MDCCCLXXXVI.

Demy 8vo; pp. xx + 392, consisting of Blank leaf (not reckoned in pagination); [*Frontispiece of Marguerite de Navarre, followed by leaf of tissue*]; Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [i, ii]; Table of Contents. pp. [iii]–ix; p. [x] blank; *Translator's Preface*. pp. [xi]–xviii; *Prologue*. pp. [1]–10; Text, pp. [11]–392.

Issued in light saxe boards, with white paper back with four raised bands. There is a printed white paper name and title-label on the back, lettered across *The | Heptameron* in black, with initial letters in red. Top edges unopened, fore-edges uncut and unopened, lower edges uncut. Plain white end-papers.

No printer's imprint. The volume was printed, however, at the Dryden Press, by Messrs. J. Davy & Sons, Long Acre, London, W.C.

To be complete the work should have a series of eight etchings (excluding the portrait-frontispiece) by Léopold Flameng, which are frequently missing. There is no list of these etchings, but they should face pp. [1], [11], 80, 144, 212, 269, 329, and 344, and are entitled respectively: *Prologue*; *Première Journée | Nouvelle I.*; *Deuxième Journée | Nouvelle XI.* (*Appendice.*); *Troisième Journée | Nouvelle 24.*; *Quatrième Journée | Nouvelle XXXI^e.*; *Cinquième Journée. | Nouvelle XLIV^e.*; *Sixième Journée | Nouvelle LIX^e.*; and *Septième Journée | Nouvelle LXII^e.*

At the end of 1884 I was back in the country again, with nothing particular to do. The publisher of "The Anatomy of Tobacco," Redway, found me an occupation. He asked me to make a new translation of the Heptameron, and I did so. I had been reading a good deal of seventeenth-century prose, and I did my best to make my version a seventeenth-century one.

A graceful book, but, as it strikes me now, a little faded. The Heptameron always reminds me of some embroidered, silken dress that has lain in a dark chest for many long years. It is still beautiful; but the embroidered roses have grown somewhat dim.

Collectors who want the "right" edition should see that there is a frontispiece portrait of Margaret of Navarre and eight etchings by Léopold Flameng.

DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA: [1887]

A Chapter | from the Book called | The Ingenious
Gentleman | Don Quijote de la Mancha | which by
some mischance has not till now | been printed. |
London | George Redway | York Street Covent
Garden.

Foolscap 8vo; pp. 16, consisting of Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [1, 2]; Text, with heading as follows: *The grand and diverting Scrutiny made by | the Priest and the Barber in the Library | in York Street.* pp. [3]–15. At end of text on p. 15 is a publisher's note of advertisement, beginning: [*The library in York Street is still in existence, . . .* P. [16] is occupied by an advertisement of a catalogue of books, beginning: *Price Threepence, | The Literature of Occultism and | Archæology, . . .* There is no printer's imprint.

Issued as a 16-page pamphlet. Top and fore-edges unopened, lower edges untrimmed.

.

This is an advertisement. Redway, besides publishing new books, sold second-hand ones. These were kept in a garret over Vizetelly's publishing office in Catherine Street. A street now runs over the place where the house stood. Here, during the summer of the year '85, I was occupied in cataloguing these books, and chiefly in writing notes under the titles. They dealt principally with the occult sciences, and a rather elaborate catalogue was issued, called "The Literature of Occultism and Archæology." Later, in 1887, it struck me that a parody of the famous chapter in "Don Quixote" relating to the examination of the Knight's library by the Curate and the Barber would make an amusing advertisement of the occult library of

Catherine Street; and so I wrote the “chapter” aforesaid.

It was in this Catherine Street garret, by the way, that I heard old Vizetelly telling Redway about a book he had just published—I choose to forget the name of the book. This was the scrap of conversation :

“He—the author—came here the other day and said : ‘You ought to have sold more copies ; people are talking of nothing else.’ ‘*You* are talking of nothing else, you mean’ : that was my answer.”

THE FORTUNATE LOVERS: 1887

The | Fortunate Lovers | Twenty-Seven Novels of
 the | Queen of Navarre | Translated from the Original
 French | By Arthur Machen | Edited, and Selected
 from the Heptameron, with Notes, Pedigrees, and an
 Introduction | By A. Mary F. Robinson | With Original
 Etching by G. P. Jacombe Hood | London | George
 Redway | York Street, Covent Garden | MDCCCLXXXVII

Wide small demy 8vo; pp. xvi + 310, consisting of
 Blank leaf (not reckoned in pagination); Half-title,
The Fortunate Lovers. (with a list of *Writings* | of |
A. Mary F. Robinson, printed within a thin one-line
 border, in centre of verso), pp. [i, ii]; [*Frontispiece, with*
leaf of tissue]; Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp.
 [iii, iv]; Dedication *To | The Ladies and Antiquaries |*
of England. (verso blank), pp. [v, vi]; *Table of*
Personages. (verso blank), pp. [vii, viii]; *Table of*
Contents, pp. [ix]–xiv; *Introduction.* pp. [1]–54; *Prologue.*
 pp. [55]–69; Text, *Day the First.* pp. [70]–310.
 There are Pedigrees facing pp. 181 and 310. There
 is no printer's imprint.

Issued in royal blue cloth, lettered across the back in
 gilt as follows: [a line] | [row of dots] | [a line] |
The | Fortunate | Lovers | [a line] | *Mary Robinson* |
 [heraldic shield] | *Redway* | [a line] | [row of dots] |
 [a line]. The front cover is decorated with a heraldic
 shield in gilt and colours within a circular wreath in
 gilt; remainder of cover interspersed with gilt dots
 and flowered decoration in gold, green and brown,
 the whole surrounded by a three-line border in gilt
 and brown. Back cover blank. Top edges gilt, fore-
 edges unopened, lower edges trimmed. Dark grey
 end-papers.

“The Fortunate Lovers” was afterwards issued without
 the designs on the cover.

This was designed to be a "drawing-room" edition of the Heptameron. Miss Robinson selected a certain number of the more polite tales, and wrote an elaborate and very tiresome preface, concerned chiefly with the identification of the characters who tell the various stories. It is wonderful how the academic mind contrives to get hold of the wrong end of every stick that it handles! Who cares now who "Hircan" was in the real life of 1510? As Miss Rebecca West said so sagely of the great Swinburne-Watts-Dunton debate of a few years ago: "Anyhow, they are all dead, and it doesn't matter!"

Miss Robinson on the Heptameron somewhat reminds me of a Mr. Tilley, of the University of Cambridge, on Rabelais. He wrote a book which made it quite clear, let us say, that Rabelais was not born at Chinon, but at a village near Chinon; and that his father was a lawyer, not an apothecary. In fact, he made everything quite clear, saving this: that Rabelais wrote perhaps *the* most amazing book that was ever written. *That* fact was left in infinite, uttermost obscurity.

THE CHRONICLE OF CLEMENDY: 1888

The Chronicle of Clemendy; | or, The History of the
IX. Joyous | Journeys. In which are contained | the
amorous inventions and facetious | tales of Master
Gervase Perrot, | Gent., now for the first time done
into | English, by Arthur Machen, trans- | lator of the
Heptameron of Margaret | of Navarre. | [*Ornament*] |
Privately Printed for the Society of Pantagruelists. |
Carbonnek. | [*A line*] | mdccclxxxviiij.

Large post 8vo; pp. xvi + 316, consisting of Vignette
Illustration in centre of p. [i]; p. [ii] is occupied
by the following Certificate of Issue: *Edition limited
to 250 numbered copies.* | *No.* (with the
number of copy written in ink); [*Photogravure
Frontispiece, with lettering below as follows: Photo-
gravure by Annan & Swan. followed by leaf of tissue*];
Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [iii, iv]; Table
of *Contents* (with head-piece), pp. [v], vi; *Epistle
Dedicatory.* (with head-piece), pp. [vii]–xii; Note:
Here begins . . . (with head-piece) (verso blank), pp.
[xiii, xiv]; Fly-title, *The Chronicle of Clemendy.* | [*a
line*] | *Journey the First.* (verso blank), pp. [xv, xvi];
Text (with head-piece), pp. [1]–307; Vignette
Illustration in centre of p. [308]; *Epilogue.* pp. [309]–
314; Vignette Illustration in centre of p. [315];
p. [316] blank. There is a paper binders' label pasted
inside back cover in lower left-hand corner, lettered
as follows: *Bound | by | Wyman & Sons, | 74 & 75 |
Gt Queen St | W.C.*

Issued in grey boards, with cream parchment back with
four raised bands, lettered across the back in gilt as
follows: *The | Chronicle | of | Clemendy | or | The
History of the | IX. Joyous Journeys | Arthur Machen |
Carbonnek.* | [*a line*] | mdccclxxxviii. Top edges un-
opened, fore-edges uncut and unopened, lower edges
uncut. White Van Gelder end-papers.

I thought of this book and began to write it in the summer of 1885. Its origins were: a great delight in Balzac's "*Contes Drolatiques*," in Rabelais the unsearchable, and in my own country, Gwent. I was quite fixed that I must write a book combining, so far as I could, all these delights; but, unfortunately, I could not find out for my life what this book was to be about; the very shape and form of it were dark to me. But, looking back, and remembering faintly the nights when I lay awake thinking of it in the 10 × 6 room in Clarendon Road, I believe it was to be "a great Romance." But, somehow, this romance would in nowise get going. There was to be a voyage in it—because there is the Voyage to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle in Rabelais—but whither that voyage, and in search of what?—these problems were never solved. I wrote the first chapter. It was so bad that it would kill me now; but one is tough at twenty-two. All of this period of effort that survives into the printed book is the "Epistle Dedicatory" and the "Epilogue." I like them both still, after thirty-six years. I even venture to commend the latter to the notice of young gentlemen "commencing authors"; I maintain it puts a certain situation very delicately. The situation was this: in a few days—I had every reason to expect—I should find myself without a roof over my head or a crust of bread in my belly. However, things changed for the better, and I went home again to the country, and thought a little more about the book.

Somehow, in the winter of '85-'86, it got a shape of some sort. It became a volume of tales of the mediæval pattern. I did it as well as I could, and finished it in August, 1886.

THESAURUS INCANTATUS: [1888]

Thesaurus Incantatus. | [*A wavy line*] | The Enchanted Treasure ; | or, | The Spagyric Quest of Beroaldus | Cosmopolita, | in which is sophically and mystagorically | declared | The First Matter of the Stone. | With a List of | Choice Books on Alchemy, Magic, Talismans, | Gems, Mystics, Neoplatonism, | Ancient Worships, Rosicrucians, Occult Sciences, | etc., etc. | [*A line*] | On Sale by | Thomas Marvell, 98, Great Russell Street, | London, W.C.

Small crown 8vo ; pp. Frontispiece + 64 pp., consisting of Frontispiece (recto blank), not reckoned in pagination ; Title-page, as above (with printers' imprint in centre of verso as follows : *Wyman & Sons, Printers, | Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, | London, W.C.*), pp. [1, 2] ; *The Spagyric Quest of Beroaldus | Cosmopolita*. pp. 3-16 ; *A List of Choice Books | on Alchemy, Magic, Mystics, | Ancient Worships, | Occult Sciences, Etc., Etc.*, pp. 17-64. There is a vignette illustration on p. 34, which has been taken from p. [i] of "The Chronicle of Clemendy."

Issued in pale grey paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced on front cover ; pp. [ii, iii] blank ; vignette illustration on p. [iv] taken from p. [315] of "The Chronicle of Clemendy." Top and fore-edges unopened, lower edges uncut.

There was also a Large Paper Edition, limited to 50 copies, printed on crown 4to Van Gelder paper, with *Van Gelder* water-mark. The collation is the same as the small paper issue. Issued in pale grey paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced on front cover ; pp. [ii, iii] blank ; vignette illustration on p. [iv] taken from p. [315] of "The Chronicle of Clemendy." Top edges unopened, fore-edges uncut

and unopened, lower edges uncut, with the wrappers overlapping. There is no certificate of issue.

The fantastic tale of "The Enchanted Treasure" is an exercise in a somewhat rare literary *genre*: the occult extravaganza. I believe that "The Chemical Marriage of Christian Rosycross" (early seventeenth century) is in this kind, though some Rosicrucians take it seriously. My effort arose from various occult readings of the ancient sort, and, largely, from the study of Béroalde de Verville's "Moyen de Parvenir."

I only know of one perfect copy of the Large Paper edition; it is in the possession of my friend, Mr. Harry Spurr. There is another L. P. copy, which is, or was, in the possession of my friend, Mr. Vincent Starrett, of Chicago. It is "imperfect," owing to the methods of a young collector, a relative of mine, who found it in a cupboard, and thought it would be amusing to tear out a page or two. So I sent what remained of the copy across the Atlantic, for safety's sake.

THE WAY TO ATTAIN: [1889]

[*Head-piece*] | The Way to Attain. | I. | [*Here begins the text*]

Demy 8vo ; pp. 80, consisting of Text, with head-piece and heading, as above, pp. [1]–79 ; p. [80] blank. Issued without title-page. There is no printer's imprint.

Issued in drab brown paper wrappers, without lettering. Top edges unopened, fore-edges uncut and unopened, lower edges uncut.

Of "The Way to Attain" only one copy was printed on demy octavo paper. There were, however, three copies printed on royal octavo paper, issued in sheets and unbound. All four copies were formerly in the collection of the present bibliographer.

"The Way to Attain" is a translation of a portion of Béroalde de Verville's "Le Moyen de Parvenir." Mr. Machen afterwards made a more or less complete translation, which was issued under the title of "Fantastic Tales." [See pp. 16–19.]

.

A very curious story. The Dryden Press, Long Acre, undertook to print the complete translation of "Le Moyen de Parvenir." Some dispute arose—I forget on what matter—and the printing went no further. I "modified" my version, and gave it the title of "Fantastic Tales." I cannot account for the existence of the fragmentary copies of "The Way to Attain." If I ever had the clue, I have lost it.

FANTASTIC TALES: 1890

Large Paper Edition

Fantastic Tales or The Way to Attain a | Book full of
 Pantagruelism now for | the first time done into
 English by | Arthur Machen Translator of the |
 Heptameron of Margaret of Navarre | Privately
 Printed | Carbonnek | MDCCCXC

Imperial 8vo; pp. xvi + 356, consisting of Half-title, *Fantastic Tales*. (with the following Certificate of Issue in centre of verso: *Edition limited to 50 numbered and signed copies. | No. |* (with translator's autograph signature in ink as follows:) *Arthur Machen*), pp. [i, ii]; [Photogravure Frontispiece, with lettering below as follows: *Photogravure by Annan & Swan*, followed by leaf of tissue]; Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [iii, iv]; Table of Contents, pp. [v]–viii; [Translator's] *Preface*, pp. [ix]–xvi; *Prologue*, pp. [1]–355; p. [356] blank. At end of text is the following note: *Here we end the Fantastic Tales, or the Way to | Attain, written in French by Beroalde de Verville, | canon of the church of St. Gatien at Tours, and done | into English by Arthur Machen, Gent.* There is no printer's imprint. The volume was printed, however, by Mr. James Wade, in London.

To be complete the work should contain nine half-tone illustrations, which face pp. 17, 23, 48, 131, 160, 175, 258, 285, and 335. There is no list of illustrations. A *Plan of Issue* of the fifty large paper copies was printed in the Prospectus to "Fantastic Tales" as follows: *Of these, 25 Copies will have the Frontispiece on plate paper, and the Illustrations on Art printing paper (price 35s.); 13 Copies will have the Frontispiece on India Paper (price 40s.); and 12 Copies will have the Frontispiece on India Paper, and the Illustrations on the best Japanese Paper (price 45s.).*

The volume is printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, which is water-marked *Van Gelder* and carries the paper-maker's water-mark.

The title-page is printed throughout in italic capitals.

Issued in pale blue boards, with stout cream parchment back with five raised bands, lettered across the back in gilt as follows: *Fantastic | Tales | Beroalde de Verville | Carbonnek | MDCCCXC* Top edges unopened, fore-edges uncut and unopened, lower edges uncut. White end-papers.

FANTASTIC TALES: 1890

Ordinary Edition

The collation of the Ordinary Edition is the same as the Large Paper Edition. The Certificate of Issue on verso of half-title reads as follows: *Edition limited to 500 numbered copies.* | *No.* (with the number of copy written in ink).

Demy 8vo; issued in pale blue boards, with cream parchment back with five raised bands, lettered across the back in gilt as follows: *Fantastic* | *Tales* | *Béroalde de Verville* | *Carbonnel* | MDCCCXC (exactly the same as back of large paper edition). Top edges unopened, fore-edges uncut and unopened, lower edges uncut. Cream end-papers.

.

As may have been observed, I had Rabelais a little on the brain in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties. Consequently, when I came across an early edition of Béroalde de Verville's "Moyen de Parvenir" I fell an easy prey. I only wonder that I did not insist on translating "Les Caquetis de l'Accouchée" and "Le Printemps d'Yver." Anyhow, I gaily undertook the task of rendering this monster of a book, "Le Moyen de Parvenir," into English. It was "twelve months' hard."

The book is said to be the only one which begins with the word "For." I wish that this were its worst peculiarity. But it is one of the most shapeless things ever compounded by the human brain. I am like the man in "Rudder Grange," who, speaking of German literature, said he didn't know how it was done or what it was for. The author was the son of a famous

Calvinist and Renaissance scholar, Matthieu Béroalde. The son abjured his father's Calvinism, called himself Béroalde de Verville, and became a priest and a canon of Tours Cathedral. His book, if it can be analysed at all, which is more than doubtful, is a collection of discourses, in dialogue form, on Reformation politics, on the correct idiom of the French language, on some unknown subject which has been conjectured to be Alchemy—on anything which came into the head of this crazy canon. Interspersed in this mixture are many tales, some pointless, a few amusing, a few of some folk-lore value, and not a few both dull and disgusting. The lantern may be the lantern of Rabelais, but the candle has guttered and fatted away into darkness and the wick stinks abominably. And, worst of all, the book is full of feeble and strained puns, which have little point in the original French, and worse than no point at all in my rendering of them.

Yet, I must say that the “*Moyen de Parvenir*” is a curious book.

THE GREAT GOD PAN: 1894

The Great God Pan | and The Inmost Light | by
 Arthur Machen | Author of 'The Chronicle of |
 Clemendy,' and Translator | of 'The Heptameron'
 and | 'Le Moyen de Parvenir' | Qui perrumpit sepem,
 illum mordebit serpens | London : John Lane, Vigo St. |
 Boston : Roberts Bros., 1894 [*The title-page printed
 within a border designed by Aubrey Beardsley*]

Crown 8vo ; pp. viii + 168, consisting of Blank leaf,
 pp. [i, ii] ; Half-title, *The Great God Pan* (with
Copyrighted in the United States | All rights reserved in
centre of verso), pp. [iii, iv] ; Title-page, as above
 (with printers' imprint at foot of verso as follows :
Edinburgh : T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her
Majesty), pp. [v, vi] ; Table of Contents (verso blank),
 pp. [vii, viii] ; Text of *The Great God Pan*, pp. [1]-109 ;
 p. [110] blank ; Text of *The Inmost Light*, pp. 111-168.
 Printers' imprint at foot of p. 168 as follows : [a line]
 | *Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her*
Majesty | at the Edinburgh University Press At end of
 volume there is a 4-page numbered catalogue of *The*
Keynote Series followed by a 16-page numbered *List of*
Books | in | Belles Lettres dated 1894

Issued in dark blue cloth, lettered across the back
 in gilt as follows : *The | Great God | Pan |* [orna-
 ment] | *Arthur | Machen |* [key design in light grey] |
 [ornament] *John | Lane |* [ornament] | *The Bod- | ley*
Head The front cover is lettered across in light grey
 as follows : *The Great God Pan | and | The Inmost*
Light | Arthur Machen. within a border designed by
 Aubrey Beardsley. In centre of back cover, key
 design with date 18 94, in light grey. Top and fore-
 edges unopened, lower edges uncut. White end-
 papers.

This is Volume V of "The Keynote Series."

A second edition appeared in 1895, with the words *Second Edition* in centre of verso of title-page. The catalogue of *The Keynote Series* is extended to 8 pp. (last blank), and the 16-page *List of Books* at end is dated 1895. The binding is identical with the first edition.

.

I have written the whole story of this book as a preface to the latest edition of it, published in 1916 by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

It was one of the early "Keynote Series," and in this form went into two editions. It was included in the collection called "The House of Souls" published by Grant Richards. It was reissued separately by Grant Richards in 1913. It was translated into French by my friend P. J. Toulet (1901), and reissued by Simpkin, Marshall in 1916 with an introduction by me telling the whole story from the literary point of view. In this I have quoted the reviews at some length. They are exquisite, but not so exquisite as the remark of a literary agent whom I met one day in Fleet Street. He looked at me impressively, morally, disapprovingly, and said :

"Do you know, I was having tea with some ladies at Hampstead the other day, and their opinion seemed to be that such a book as 'The Great God Pan' should never have been written."

THE MEMOIRS OF JACQUES CASANOVA: 1894

The Memoirs of Jacques Casanova | Written by Himself
 now for | the First Time Translated into | English in
 Twelve Volumes | Volume One [*Volume Two*] [*Volume*
Three] [*etc.*] | Privately Printed | MDCCCXCIV¹

12 Vols., Large crown 8vo

Vol. I, pp. xxxii + 496, consisting of Half-title, *Memoirs* |
of | *Jacques Casanova* with signature *a* in lower right-
 hand corner (verso blank), pp. [i, ii]; Title-page, as
 above (verso blank), pp. [iii, iv]; Table of *Contents*,
 pp. [v]–vii; p. [viii] blank; *Translator's Preface*. pp.
 [ix]–xxxii; Text, pp. [1]–496.

There is a Certificate of Issue (not reckoned in
 pagination) pasted between the half-title and title-
 page, with the following note on verso (recto blank):
This Edition is strictly limited to 1000 numbered | *Copies,*
500 of which are for America. | *No.* (with
 number of copy written in ink).

Issued in cream parchment boards, lettered across the
 back in gilt as follows: [a line] | *Memoirs* | *of* | *Jacques* |
Casanova | *I* [II] [III] [*etc.*] | [two square ornamental
 designs in gilt] | *1894* | [a line]. On front cover, an
 outer one-line border in gilt. Back cover blank.
 White end-papers. Top and fore-edges unopened,
 lower edges uncut. There is no printer's imprint.
 The volumes were printed, however, by H. S. Nichols
 and Leonard Smithers, of Soho Square, London.

Vol. II, pp. viii + 424 (pp. [423, 424] blank). Certifi-
 cate of Issue on verso of half-title.

Vol. III, pp. viii + 472 (pp. [471, 472] blank).

Vol. IV, pp. viii + 428 (pp. [427, 428] blank).

¹ This translation, which is the only complete one in the English language, was reprinted in 1922, with Mr. Arthur Machen's name upon the title-page. (12 vols., crown 4to; edition limited to 1000 numbered copies. *Privately Printed for Subscribers Only. The Casanova Socy., London* [4 Took's Court, Cursitor Street, E.C. 4] 1922).

- Vol. V, pp. viii + 420 (p. [420] blank).
 Vol. VI, pp. viii + 400 (pp. [398-400] blank).
 Vol. VII, pp. viii + 420 (p. [420] blank).
 Vol. VIII, pp. viii + 404.
 Vol. IX, pp. viii + 404.
 Vol. X, pp. viii + 396 (pp. [395, 396] blank).
 Vol. XI, pp. viii + 368.
 Vol. XII, pp. viii + 404 (p. [404] blank).

There was also an edition of 50 copies, printed on large demy 8vo Van Gelder paper :

Issued in cream parchment boards, lettered across the back in gilt as follows : [a line in gilt] | *Memoirs* | *of* | *Jacques* | *Casanova* | *I* [II] [III] [etc.] | [three square ornamental designs in gilt] | 1894 | [a line in gilt]. On front and back covers, an outer one-line border in gilt, with a square ornamental design in gilt in centre. Top edges unopened, fore-edges uncut and unopened, lower edges uncut. White end-papers.

.

I made this translation in 1888-89. For one reason or another it was not issued till 1894.

I began my version in the middle of the fourth or fifth volume, and when I had come to an end, my employer handed me three little quartos—translations of the early part of Casanova made by a German who knew English well, but not well enough. The task of correcting his queer prose was infinitely tedious. These volumes had been printed in Germany; I think at Wurtemberg.

Casanova has always puzzled me. On the face of it, he reads as a liar of the worst—or best and most sumptuous—kind. He wanders all over Europe and cannot cross the street without meeting “the famous this” or “the infamous that.” When he is staying in London he goes out for a ride and gets thrown from his horse, opposite the park-gates of “the notorious Duchess

of Kingston." By one means or another he meets the whole European society of the pre-revolutionary period. It seems unlikely; but the best French critics say it is all true! "*Casanova est un véridique*," as Octave Uzanne wrote to me.

Yet he has been tested at one point and found wanting. He occupied, as he says, a furnished house in Pall Mall, paying twenty guineas a week for it. He put an odd advertisement for a housekeeper in the paper, and he quotes an editorial comment in the "*St. James's Chronicle*" on this advertisement. The files of the paper have been searched. There is no such comment to be found.

On the other hand, he is perfectly correct in saying that "*La Charpillon*" lived with her family in Denmark Street, Soho. She was afterwards the mistress of Jack Wilkes, whom she humbugged almost as badly as she humbugged Casanova.

THE THREE IMPOSTORS: 1895

'The Three Impostors | or The Transmutations | by
 Arthur Machen | Translator of 'L'Heptameron' and |
 'Le Moyen de Parvenir'; Author | of 'The Chronicle
 of Clemendy' | and 'The Great God Pan' | London :
 John Lane, Vigo St. | Boston : Roberts Bros., 1895 [*The
 title-page printed within a border designed by Aubrey
 Beardsley*]

Crown 8vo ; pp. viii + 290 + 14, consisting of Half-title,
The Three Impostors (with an advertisement of *The
 Great God Pan*, enclosed within a thin one-line border,
 in centre of verso), pp. [i, ii]; Title-page, as above
 (with *Copyrighted in the United States | All rights
 reserved | Edinburgh : T. and A. Constable, Printers to
 Her Majesty* on verso), pp. [iii, iv]; p. [v] is occupied
 by the following note : *The Novel of 'The Iron Maid'
 has appeared before. | Its reappearance in this volume is
 due to the courtesy | of the Editor of THE ST. JAMES'S
 GAZETTE.* ; p. [vi] blank ; Table of Contents (with device
 of "The Keynote Series" in centre of verso), pp.
 [vii, viii]; Text, pp. [1]–290. Printers' imprint at
 foot of p. 290 as follows : [a line] | *Printed by T. and
 A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty | at the Edinburgh
 University Press* Following the text is a 14-page
 numbered Catalogue of Vols. I–XX of *The Keynote
 Series.*, with extracts from reviews. At end of volume
 there is a 16-page numbered *Catalogue of Publications |
 in Belles Lettres* dated (on p. [2]) 1895. The title of
 the book, *The Three Impostors*, is printed in red ; the
 other lines are in black.

Issued in blue cloth, lettered across the back in gilt as
 follows : *The | Three | Impostors* | [ornament] | *Arthur |
 Machen* | [key design in light grey] | [ornament]
John | Lane [ornament] | *The | Bod- | ley Head* The
 front is lettered across in light grey as follows : *The |
 Three Impostors | Arthur Machen* within a border
 designed by Aubrey Beardsley. In centre of back

cover, key design with date 18 95, in light grey. Top and fore-edges unopened, lower edges uncut. White end-papers.

This is Volume XIX of "The Keynote Series."

The title of this book has a curious history. "De Tribus Impostoribus" was a book much talked of by the learned in the seventeenth century. As far as I can remember, quoting without book, Browne of the "Religio Medici" speaks of that "villain and secretary of hell that wrote the miscreant piece of 'The Three Impostors.'" But it is doubtful whether such a book were ever in existence—in print at any rate. Afterwards, such a book was forged; just as the German occultists, not being able to get into communication with the mythical Rosicrucian Society of the Andrea pamphlets, invented a society, several societies, which they declared to be the genuine article. Indeed, this forging business went on and spread to England, so that in the 'eighties of the last century an imposing Rosicrucian Order, laying claim to high antiquity, was invented and "put on the market" with such ingenuity that the refinements and intricacies of the process remain obscure to this day.

So, perhaps, with the tract, "De Tribus Impostoribus"—the three impostors, by the way, were Christ, Moses and Mahomet. Perhaps there never was such a book, perhaps such a book did exist in manuscript, was seen by a few and talked about by many. Anyhow, I liked the sound of the title, and noted it in '85, and indicated in my notebook the sort of book—a picaresque romance—I should like to write under that head; and so had the title waiting for me in the spring of 1895.

The book itself, my "Three Impostors"? An imitation, I regret to say, of Stevenson's "Dynamiter" and "New Arabian Nights." I have always wished I were Shaw; for then I should speak of the "Stevensonian Anschauung"; as it is, I must say that I imitated this "Arabian" manner of Stevenson's as well as I could. As for the matter, the vital spring of the best stories in the book, that is my own. I speak with timidity, knowing something of the hidden and mingled and secret founts of "notions" and plots; but I do not think that anybody before had written anything like the tales of "The Black Seal," or, "The White Powder." The hypothesis on which the former story is based is, of course, not my own: it is that the Fairies, the Little People, were, in fact, the dark, dwarfish, Pre-Celtic inhabitants of Britain. But the supposition that these people still dwell under the hills, that they are horribly evil, and that they are something more—or something less—than human: all this I must put down to my own account. The general hypothesis of "The White Powder" is obtained, very distantly, from Payne Knight; the special *machina*, the magical division of personality, is, to the best of my belief, my own.

It gave me great pleasure, by the way, to murder, under singular circumstances of ingenious atrocity, a former employer of mine—see the chapter headed, "Strange Occurrence in Clerkenwell." This was Edward Walford, who compiled Peerages and such stuff.

But he told one good story. He was calling on his publishers, Chatto and Windus. One of the partners had a great dog, a mastiff, or St. Bernard. As Mr. Walford mounted the stairs to the publishers' parlour, this dog barked furiously.

"It's all right," said Mr. Chatto—or Mr. Windus—"you needn't be afraid of the dog, Mr. Walford."

"No," said Mr. Walford, "I'm not afraid of him. It isn't the *dog* I'm afraid of when I call on a publisher."

And this reminds me of a little incident in the history of "The Three Impostors." I sent the MS. to Messrs. Heinemann towards the close of 1894. Early in 1895 I received a very warming letter from the firm, praising the book highly, and begging me to call. I called, and saw Mr. Pawling. He was more enthusiastic than the letter. He read me glowing extracts from the reader's report, uttered phrases such as "better than Stevenson's best"—I was not fool enough even in '95 to believe that—and spoke of liberal royalties, of large sums in advance on account of those royalties. He also expressed a hope that my future books might come the way of Messrs. Heinemann.

Rare indeed ! In three weeks' time I received the MS. of "The Three Impostors" with a bare, brief formula from Messrs. Heinemann declining its publication. There was no word of explanation, no attempt at any sort of apology.

Is there any little manual written for the benefit of these publisher people called "Common Decency without Tears" ?

HIEROGLYPHICS: 1902

[*A line*] | Hieroglyphics | [*A line*] | By | Arthur Machen | Author of "The Great God Pan," etc. | [*Ornament*] | London | Grant Richards | 1902

Wide crown 8vo; pp. xii + 208, consisting of Half-title, *Hieroglyphics* (verso blank), pp. [i, ii]; Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [iii, iv]; *Note*, pp. v-xii; Text, pp. 1-206; Printers' imprint in centre of p. [207] as follows: *Printed by | Turnbull and Spears, | Edinburgh*; p. [208] blank.

Issued in brown cloth, with white paper name and title-label on the back, lettered across in black (*Hieroglyphics* and ornament lettered in rust-red) as follows: [two lines, one thick and one thin] | *Hieroglyphics* | [ornament] | *Arthur | Machen | Grant Richards* | [two lines, one thin and one thick]. Top edges unopened, fore-edges uncut and unopened, lower edges uncut. White end-papers.

In 1910 "*Hieroglyphics*" was transferred to Martin Secker, who reissued the book with a new cancel title-page as follows: *Hieroglyphics: A Note | upon Ecstasy in Literature | By Arthur Machen | London: Martin Secker | Number Five John Street | Adelphi 1910* (with *First published in 1902* on verso); and a new paper label on the back, lettered across in black (*Hieroglyphics* in red) as follows: [two lines, one thick and one thin] | *Hieroglyphics | By Arthur | Machen* | [a line] | *Martin Secker* | [two lines, one thin and one thick]. This *reissue* was bound in green cloth.

I remember well how I got the proof-sheets of "*Hieroglyphics*." I was at Margate, playing the Professor in the three-act farcical comedy, "The

'Varsity Belle." Such are the mutations of things. Let me give a fragment of the dialogue of the farce, to reconstitute the scene. I quote, let it be said, from distant memory.

The Old Actor: "When your brother died, he left behind him a rare and sparkling jewel."

The Professor: "Indeed! I didn't know that he left anything that sparkled—except his glass eye!"

"Hieroglyphics" owes its origin to the fact that during the year '98 I was on the staff of "Literature," a paper published by "The Times." I had to review books, and to find reasons for my liking and disliking, my appreciation and depreciation. I had to ask myself, "What is romance? Is the 'Prisoner of Zenda,' for example, romantic?" And this question became fused into the larger question: "What is literature?"

The book, "Hieroglyphics," is an attempt to answer this larger question. A partner in one of the most eminent publishing firms of London assured me the other day that "it had influenced the whole standpoint of English literary criticism."

Which is very soothing, as Mr. Pecksniff remarked. I am quite ashamed to mention, after this, that I have not received one single farthing for the book from 1902 even until now. However, the work had its use. It irritated serious people. Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic of "The Times," the man who knows Greek, didn't like it at all. He began his notice:

"I do not know whether Mr. Arthur Machen is to be described as an actor who amuses his leisure by writing books or as an author who fills up his evenings by appearing on the stage. He was a member of the Benson Company, and is now to be seen in a small part in 'Paolo and Francesca.' He wrote some years ago

a clever, disagreeable book, 'The Great God Pan.'"

And I fared ill with another critic on the Rationalist side, Sir A. T. Quiller Couch.

But, on the other hand, the pious liked me still less. The "Pilot," an extinct Anglo-Catholic weekly paper, began :

"The device by which vendors of patent wares tempt curiosity by giving them some curious name is hardly worthy the imitation of men of letters, and we admire neither Mr. Machen's title nor," etc., etc.

A pleasant story of Sir A. T. Quiller Couch lingers in my memory. This distinguished author was producing a play at The Haymarket—"The Mayor of Troy," I think it was called. In the exercise of my unhappy business of journalist I had to pester Couch for an "interview," which he gave me with great good temper. A day or two later I met Lyall Swete, who was playing in the piece. I mentioned my interview with his author.

"Ah," said Swete. "I was talking to Couch. He said: 'Swete, how do you think I spent yesterday? In being interviewed by journalists! Do you know, I feel as if I were covered with Slime!'"

And the well-graced actor made eloquent gesture with mouth and arms, as if he would indicate how Sir A. T. Quiller Couch loathed the contact of the reptile press, and would fain cleanse his little hands of defilement.

I tell this true, sad story in order that my fellow journalists, who are sometimes puffed up, may know how good men regard them.

The second edition of "Hieroglyphics," published by Secker, has for frontispiece a photograph of myself.

It seems to express great gloom, righteousness and austerity. What it really expresses are my sentiments during the process of "sitting."

"O Lord!" I was saying to myself, "why should I waste my time being photographed at Baron's Court this blessed Sunday, when I might be drinking my absinthe at the Yorkshire Stingo?"

DR. STIGGINS: 1906

Dr. Stiggins: his Views and | Principles. A Series of | Interviews by Arthur | Machen | Imprinted for Francis Griffiths, and pub- | lished at the Sign of the Gryphon, 34, Maiden | Lane, near the Strand, in the City of West- | minster, MCMVI.

Crown 8vo; pp. viii + 152, consisting of Half-title, *Dr. Stiggins | His Views and Principles* (with a list of books *By the same Author* on verso), pp. [i, ii]; Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [iii, iv]; Table of Contents, pp. [v], vi; Divisional Fly-title, *Dr. Stiggins | His Views and Principles* (with three Quotations on verso), pp. [vii, viii]; Text, pp. [1]–141; p. [142] is occupied by a Quotation from the *Daily Mail*, September 19th, 1906.; pp. [143–152] are occupied by advertisements of miscellaneous books published by Francis Griffiths. Printer's imprint at foot of p. 141 as follows: *F. Willman, Printer, Mansfield*

Issued in light brown boards with dark buckram back, lettered across the back in gilt as follows: [a line in gold] | *Dr. | Stiggins | Arthur | Machen | Francis | Griffiths* | [a line in gold]. The front cover is lettered across in dark blue as follows: *Dr. Stiggins: | his views and | principles.* | [illustration of a pastor in the pulpit, with an open Bible behind] | *Arthur Machen.* In centre of back cover, publisher's device in dark blue. Top edges cut, fore-edges unopened, lower edges uncut. White end-papers.

This is a volume of controversial theology. There are good things in it for those who like controversy, and also many weary pages. It was written in a hurry—30,000 words in a fortnight—was badly printed on bad paper, was barely noticed by the Press (two reviews, I think), and fell stone dead on publication. Oddly enough, second-hand copies now fetch 25/-. It is an attempt to amplify the Preface I wrote to “The House of Souls” at the request of the publisher.

THE HOUSE OF SOULS: 1906

The House of | Souls | By | Arthur Machen | [*Publisher's device*] | London | E. Grant Richards | 7 Carlton Street, S.W. | 1906

Crown 8vo; pp. xvi + 516, consisting of Half-title, *The House of Souls* (with a list of *Recent Fiction* on verso), pp. [i, ii]; [*Frontispiece (by Sidney H. Sime), followed by a leaf of tissue*]; Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [iii, iv]; Author's Note, pp. v-xiii; p. [xiv] blank; Table of Contents (verso blank), pp. [xv, xvi]; Divisional Fly-title, *A Fragment of Life* (verso blank), pp. [1, 2]; Text, pp. 3-[514]; p. [515] is occupied by a publisher's bibliographical note; p. [516] blank. Printers' imprint at foot of p. [514] as follows: *Plymouth | William Brendon and Son, Ltd., Printers* There are fly-titles before the different 'Stories' into which the book is divided, at pp. [111], [167], [245], [287], and [473]. Pp. [110], [112], [168], [244], [246], [288], and [474] blank.

Issued in light grey buckram, lettered across the back in black as follows: *The | House | of | Souls | Arthur | Machen* | [ornamental design by Sidney H. Sime] | *E. Grant Richards* The front cover is lettered across in gilt as follows: *The House of Souls* with design in black, yellow and gold by Sidney H. Sime, enclosed within an ornamental border. Back cover blank. All edges cut. White end-papers.

This is a collection of stories, containing: "A Fragment of Life," "The White People," "The Great God Pan," "The Inmost Light," "The Three Impostors" and "The Red Hand." The "Pan" and the "Impostors" I have already discussed.

"The Fragment of Life" has an oddish history. It was begun in May or June 1899, when I had just finished "Hieroglyphics." Its origins are queer and incredible. I had gone for a walk with a friend one

bleak Sunday afternoon in the March of that year in a favourite region of mine, which I have always regarded as sacred to grey Sunday afternoons and gloomy, bitter weather: Islington, Canonbury and the parts thereto adjacent. We inclined to the right, and came, I think, to the Ball's Pond Road—where Mr. Perch lived — and dropped, somehow, down into Hackney, via Dalston? Thence by tram back to Bloomsbury, for I lived then in Gray's Inn.

Well, in a long street in the Ball's Pond region or in Dalston, I noted the houses built exactly in the same fashion, each with steps up to the hall door, each with a "breakfast-room," half beneath the level of the black front garden, each breakfast-room displaying the table laid for Sunday tea. Then in the tram a little family party got in, no doubt on their way to spend the evening with friends. A colourless, mildly whiskered man, and a foolish-looking young woman, his wife, in her foolish black satin Sunday dress, holding the simple baby on her knee, and I thought, glancing at them: "These, silly as they look, limited as they doubtless are, these two also have been initiated in the everlasting mysteries and have partaken of the great secrets, and have known what is concealed under the barley in the sacred basket of the holy procession of Eleusis."

That, then—Sunday tea-tables and Sunday people—was the fount of what became "A Fragment of Life": the formless impression which comes before any plot or designed succession of circumstances. Behind it was also a tale which I wrote and printed in some weekly paper which I have forgotten, which is forgotten, called "The Resurrection of the Dead." This told how a small London clerk, living in some small, raw

suburb, suddenly realised that he was the last descendant of an ancient house of Welsh squires, who had lived for a thousand years between the river and the wood, in a wonderful country.

"The White People" is a fragment—not of life, but of a story. This was to have been something quite long and elaborate and magnificent; it was planned, like "Hieroglyphics," just after I had left "Literature." Indeed, I think that the strongest literary impulse that I have ever received arose from the joy and relief that I experienced on being rid of the detestable office life. I daresay that all offices are tiresome places, but an office in any way concerned with literature or writing is a mere stultification factory.

So, released from the web of tiresome nonsense that they wove on "Literature," I set about real writing with a will. "Hieroglyphics" went well enough, but the tale was too much for me. "The White People" is but a broken fragment of it. It was first printed in a magazine called "Horlick's." This was run by my old friend A. E. Waite, the distinguished writer on all topics of occult and mystic interest. He was manager at the time to Horlick's Malted Milk, and he contrived to persuade Horlick, in a manner obscure to me, which I feel sure must have implied the exercise of occult powers of a high kind, that the firm would be benefited by the publication of a magazine devoted to the mysteries. And so, in addition to Waite's wonderful and enchanting and illuminating essays on "The Holy Grail," "Horlick's" gave hospitality to "A Fragment of Life," "The Hill of Dreams"—under its first title, "The Garden of Avallaunius"—and "The White People." I do not know that the sale of the Malted Milk was unfavourably affected.

"The White People," a single stone instead of a whole house, was naturally a disappointment. But it contains some of the most curious work that I have ever done, or ever will do. It goes, if I may say so, into very strange psychological regions.

"The Great God Pan" and "The Three Impostors" have been already annotated. But, by the way, I may note that "The Inmost Light," which was originally published with the "Pan," was written to one of the few commissions I have received in my literary lifetime. In the early 'nineties I was writing, oddly enough, stories of "society" for various papers, including "The World," then still a power. I fancy that it must have been someone connected with "The World," or "Life," or one of these forgotten journals, who mentioned my name to the late Miss Braddon. Miss Braddon was getting out some sort of an annual, and she wrote to me asking for a tale. I wrote "The Inmost Light" for Miss Braddon. Miss Braddon refused it with lightning speed; and so no harm was done.

The last tale in "The House of Souls" is "The Red Hand," a highly ingenious and quite inferior piece of work. It was written in 1895—I did not know my way about very well in those days—for an American short story competition. Naturally—I decline to explain the exact force of the word "naturally"—it did not win any sort of prize. But, I don't know why, I sent it to Messrs. Chapman, and it appeared in a ghostly Christmas number of "Chapman's Magazine."

THE HILL OF DREAMS: 1907

The Hill of | Dreams | By | Arthur Machen | [*Device*] |
 Frontispiece by S. H. Sime | London | E. Grant
 Richards | 1907

Crown 8vo; pp. iv + 312, consisting of Half-title, *The Hill of Dreams* (with an advertisement of *The House of Souls* with extracts from press notices, enclosed within a thin one-line border, on verso), pp. [i, ii]; [*Frontispiece*]; Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [iii, iv]; Text, pp. [1]–309; printers' imprint in centre of p. [310] as follows: *Plymouth | William Brendon and Son, Ltd. | Printers*; p. [311] is occupied by a list of four books *By the same Author*, enclosed within a thin one-line border; p. [312] blank.

Issued in dark red buckram, lettered across the back in gilt as follows: *The | Hill | of | Dreams | Arthur | Machen | E · Grant | Richards* The front cover is lettered in gilt, in upper left-hand corner, as follows: *The Hill of Dreams* Back cover blank. Top edges gilt, fore-edges unopened, lower edges uncut. Plain white end-papers.

At end of some copies there is a 20-page pamphlet of publisher's advertisements: *A Catalogue | of Books published by | E · Grant Richards | 7 Carlton Street, London | Together with a List | of Announcements, 1907* with the following printers' imprint at end: *London: Strangeways, Printers*. Copies having this catalogue of publisher's advertisements usually occur in light red cloth.

Many years later the book was reissued in bright red cloth, with the publisher's imprint at foot of back altered from *E · Grant | Richards* to *Grant Richards* This reissue has all the edges cut solid, which makes it a smaller volume. The cover of the original issue measures 8 in. by $5\frac{1}{4}$ in., and that of the reissue $7\frac{5}{8}$ in. by $4\frac{1}{16}$ in.

"The Hill of Dreams" was originally called "The Garden of Avallaunius," a more distinctive title, but abandoned in view of the probability that "the trade" would call it "Avall-ay-yoonius"—if they called for it at all. The word, an invention of my own, has its little history. There was a Roman-British name, Vallaunius. This I conjectured to be, more properly, Avallaunius, the man of Avalon. I know not whether this derivation be well founded or no.

But, the book itself. I have already said that "The Three Impostors," so far as the style—rather, the manner—goes, was a crib from Stevenson. I perceived this, with some assistance from reviewers, in 1895, the year in which "The Three Impostors" was published. It was borne in on me that I must smash this borrowed manner to bits and build up another manner, which should be more worthy of being called a style, an expression of individuality. It was hideous work, doing this; almost like the learning of a new language. I had become fluent in the Stevensonian vein; now, I found, I was halting, uncertain, harsh, tautological. Nothing flowed easily, naturally; it was as if, accustomed to work in wax, one had suddenly to beat shape out of rock or stubborn metal. The MS. of the first chapter is an appalling mass of corrections and interlineations. But it was done at last, somehow.

So much for the manner; the matter I got from a hint of Mr. Whibley's. It was, if I remember, in an introduction to "Tristram Shandy" that he described that work as being a picaresque of the soul, or of the mind. The phrase struck me, and I said to myself: "I will write a 'Robinson Crusoe' of the soul; the story of a man who is not lonely because he is on a desert island and has nobody to speak to, but lonely

in the midst of millions, because of his mental isolation, because there is a great gulf fixed spiritually between him and all whom he encounters." That was the first thought from which "The Hill of Dreams" proceeded.

Then, add to this the thought of the country in which I was born and bred, which counts for a great deal, directly or indirectly, in all my books; add the Roman associations of my native town, Caerleon-on-Usk, "Isca Silurum"; add the pains of literature, semi-starvation and loneliness which I had actually experienced in a pretty sharp degree; add a profound contempt for the popular book and the popular criticism of the day: and you have a fair analysis of the "motives" of "The Hill of Dreams."

The pains of literature: of these I should have been able to write eloquently, since I experienced them to the uttermost in writing this very book. I began to think of it and to plan it in the autumn of 1895; it was not finished till the spring of 1897. First of all, there was the difficulty of the new manner, which broke away utterly from the Stevensonian cadence; and then the greater difficulty of carrying out the general scheme into detail. The first chapter was achieved: what story should the second tell? For three weeks I sat down, night after night, with the clean pile of paper. Sometimes I wrote three lines, sometimes three folios; and every night I found it hopeless; I knew that I was not on the right road.

The thought of the second chapter came at last, and things went on pretty smoothly till the end of the fourth. Then another break in the continuity. I went off on the wrong track, into a kind of elaborate philosophical dissertation. It is true that I discovered Buddhism by the way—the doctrine of the ego as an

illusion—but this had been done two thousand five hundred years before, and, anyhow, it was not to the purpose of the book. I went floundering on, getting deeper and deeper in the marsh, and when I at last knew that I had lost my way utterly, I was for some time in despair of ever finding it again. There was a horrible struggle before I could get on the comparatively firm land of the fifth chapter; and that land was none too firm. Six followed easily when five had been done; then a grim fight that lasted for many months—followings of false tracks, endeavours to write chapters that could not be written, brain-wrackings to desperation. The end seemed impossible; but the seventh chapter and the end were found and done somehow. And a pile of manuscript, at least a foot high, had accumulated. All of it unusable, all of it the wreckage of false starts and worse continuations: a monument of the folly of conscientious labour.

It had been a long battle. I lived in Gray's Inn in those days, and every afternoon I used to take out my old bulldog, Juggernaut, and the thought and problem of my book for a walk of half an hour or so, sometimes along the Clerkenwell Road past St. John's Gate, with its memory of the great saint of literature, sometimes up Rosebery Avenue to Sadler's Wells. These are both hideous places, desolate regions of the grey world; but I reverence them to this day, remembering all that I endured in them; remembering the hopeless effort and agony of perfection. There is a small Italian restaurant on the right-hand side of Rosebery Avenue; it is there still as it was in '95, '96, '97, and I am glad, and trust that it flourishes. I have never been inside, but the name "P. Puncia," still brings to me the thrills, the agonies, *sudores*, *angores*,

dolores that went to the making of "The Hill of Dreams."

Still, all hard and honest work has its reward at last. A new publisher, Grant Richards, had written to me to ask for the right of my next manuscript. I sent him the finished book ; and in return had a long letter, almost a fatherly and affectionate letter—though I had only met the gentleman once—urging me for the sake of my own reputation, never to publish this dull, futile, unhappy failure.

Then I tried Methuen. They sent me a long letter too, all on quarto paper. It was full of good advice. I tried the Unicorn Press, I think it was called that, and the Unicorn—who eventually turned into a Wine Merchant—wrote me perhaps the kindest letter of all. In fact, everybody was very kind, and ready to give up valuable time to the task of advising me on large quarto notepaper of excellent quality. It took Grant Richards ten years to change his mind and publish the book.

THE BOWMEN : 1915

The Angels of Mons | [*A line*] | The Bowmen | and
 other | Legends of the War | By | Arthur Machen |
 With an Introduction by the Author | London |
 Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. | 4,
 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C. | 1915

Foolscap 8vo; pp. 88, consisting of Half-title, *The Angels of Mons* | [*a line*] (with a list of books *By the same Author*: on verso), pp. [1, 2]; Title-page, as above (with printers' imprint in centre of verso as follows: *London | Printed by William Clowes and Sons, Limited, | Duke Street, Stamford Street, S.E., and Great Windmill Street, W.*), pp. [3, 4]; *Introduction*, pp. 5-27; p. [28] blank; *Text*, pp. 29-80; *Postscript*, pp. 81-86; pp. [87, 88] blank.

Issued in pale blue boards, lettered down the back in navy blue as follows: *The Bowmen—By Arthur Machen 1/- Net*; and across the front cover, with an illustration of a mediæval warrior with bow and arrow, in navy blue, as follows: *The | Bowmen | —and other Legends of the War | By Arthur | Machen | Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.* (printed within a two-line border). The back cover is occupied by a list of books at *One Shilling Net* All edges cut. Pale blue end-papers, of a darker shade to cover.

[Two editions, both of 1915. The second with additions and silhouette portrait.]

I have told the whole story of "The Bowmen" so fully in the Preface to the book that there is little or nothing left to be said. The sale, I believe, was a very large one, but, for reasons into which I need not enter, the book was not highly remunerative to me. However, it is always a satisfaction to feel that one has put a little money into the pockets of good men. "The Bowmen" and the other tales in the volume originally appeared in "The Evening News."

THE GREAT RETURN: 1915

[*Two lines, one thick and one thin*] | The Great |
 Return | By Arthur Machen | Author of "The Bow-
 men" | [*Two lines, one thin and one thick*] | [*Two lines,
 one thick and one thin*] | Published in London by the
 Faith | Press, at the Faith House, 22, Buck- | ingham
 Street, Strand, W.C. 1915 | [*Two lines, one thin
 and one thick*]

Foolscap 8vo; pp. 80, consisting of Half-title, [two
 lines, one thick and one thin] | *The Great Return* |
 [two lines, one thin and one thick] (with a list of
 books *By the same Author* on verso), pp. [1, 2]; Title-
 page, as above (verso blank), pp. [3, 4]; Dedication,
To | D. P. M. (verso blank), pp. [5, 6]; Table of
Contents (verso blank), pp. 7, [8]; Text, pp. 9-[80].
 There is no printer's imprint.

Issued in white paper boards, lettered up the back in
 red as follows: *The Great Return By Arthur Machen.*
 The front and back covers both bear a design in red
 by T. Noyes Lewis and are lettered across as follows:
The Great | Return | By Arthur Machen | Author of
"The Bowmen" Top edges cut, fore-edges unopened,
 lower edges uncut. Pale blue end-papers.

.

In the autumn of 1915, after the great success of
 "The Bowmen," my friend Mr. Burgess, a well-known
 authority on Plain Chant, and also, at that time, the
 Manager of the Faith Press, asked me to give him
 "something" running to 10,000 words or thereabouts.
 I warned him, once in conversation on the westernmost
 corner of the northern pavement of the Strand, and
 once in a letter, not to do it. My reasons were, firstly,
 that the firm he represented was not widely known in
 secular circles, and secondly, that I did not think they

would care to spend very much money on advertisement. Both these reasons I kept to myself, but, as I say, I urged Mr. Burgess to desist from his plan, which included, I may add, a very liberal fee to myself.

I am inclined to think that this case of an author trying to warn off a publisher is unique. The only parallel I can remember is afforded by the life of the poet Collins. Collins, it is said, wished to make up to the publisher the loss incurred on publishing his poems, and, as Leslie Stephen observes, it may not be irrelevant to note that soon afterwards Collins's mind began to show signs of giving way.

However, the book, "The Great Return," was written, and after a serial issue in "The Evening News," was published by the Faith Press. I believe that it did very badly indeed. I know that a few months ago, wanting a copy, I went to the firm's offices in Buckingham Street and asked for "The Great Return"—"author's terms," I added, showing my card.

"Really," said the gentleman who waited on me, "I can't have the heart to charge you anything at all for it, Mr. Machen." And he indicated a huge and dusty mound of "Great Returns"—the very phrase will be ominous in trade ears—lying in a cupboard.

There were hardly any reviews. There was one little gem in "The Times" Literary Supplement. The story, I may say, relates to certain extraordinary manifestations of the Holy Grail in the western part of Wales, these manifestations or appearances or hallucinations—call them what you will—being not altogether in accord with the accepted Grail legend as presented in Tennyson's *Idyll*, and, indeed, showing traces of older sources than Malory. Well, the Literary Supplementer observed, firstly, that it was nonsense to be

romancing about the Grail at all, since it had been proved to be merely a Feeding Vessel of pagan-Irish origin. This remark displayed a sumptuous ignorance of one of the greatest problems and greatest complexes in literature that has never, I suppose, been equalled.

But he made up for this in his second criticism. He protested against the Grail being manifested, as in my story, to quite common people, such as farmers and grocers. And I admit that it *was* low. But the Order of the British Empire was not in existence when the book was written. If it ever goes into a new edition—which seems unlikely—I shall certainly make all the characters O.B.E.'s. They will thus be more worthy to behold

. . . the Holy Grail

All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.

THE TERROR: 1917

The Terror | A Fantasy | By | Arthur Machen |
 Author of | "The Bowmen" | London | Duckworth &
 Co. | 3 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Crown 8vo; pp. 192, consisting of Half-title, *The Terror* (with a list of seven books *By the same Author* on verso), pp. [1, 2]; Title-page, as above (with *First published 1917* in centre of verso, and printers' imprint at foot of verso as follows: *Printed in Great Britain by the Complete Press, | West Norwood, England*), pp. [3, 4]; Text, pp. 5-190; printers' imprint at foot of p. 190 as follows: *Printed at the Complete Press | West Norwood | London, S.E.*; p. [191] is occupied by an advertisement of . . . *Wright's | Coal Tar Soap*; p. [192] blank. The book is printed on cheap war paper.

Issued in light blue boards, lettered across the back in royal blue as follows: *The | Terror | Arthur | Machen | Duckworth*, and across the front, with a thick one-line outer border, in royal blue, as follows: *The | Terror | Arthur Machen*. On back cover, in lower left-hand corner, publishers' device in royal blue. All edges cut. Plain white end-papers.

A "shilling shocker." It was also issued in America by the firm of McBride. They sold the first serial American right to some magazine, the "Century," if I remember, and the "Century" cut down the 40,000 words or so into 10,000 words or so with a skill that was really remarkable. Needless to say, my permission was not asked. Some one sent me the magazine, and I saw my story in miniature, but, in the agreeable American idiom, I "had not a cough coming." If the "Century" had been so pleased, it could have cut down the tale to 1,000 words, and I should have had nothing to say.

This story appeared serially in "The Evening News."

WAR AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH: 1918

War and the | Christian Faith | By | Arthur Machen |
 Author of "The Bowmen," etc. | [*Ornament*] | London |
 Skeffington & Son, Ltd. | 34, Southampton Street,
 Strand, W.C. 2 | Publishers to His Majesty the King |
 1918 [*The title-page printed within ruled borders*]

Foolscap 8vo; pp. 64, consisting of Author's Note (with a list of books *By the Same Author* on verso), pp. [1, 2]; Title-page, as above (verso blank), pp. [3, 4]; Text, pp. 5-62; pp. [63, 64] blank. Printers' imprint at foot of p. 62 as follows: *Jarrold & Sons, Ltd., Printers, London and Norwich*

Issued in brown boards, lettered up the back in black as follows: [two lines] *War and the Christian Faith* [two lines]. The front cover is lettered across in black as follows: *War and the | Christian Faith | Arthur Machen* Back cover blank. All edges cut. White end-papers.

.

A series of Essays, written at the suggestion of Mr. Alfred Turner, then Acting-Editor of "The Evening News." The Essays appeared in that journal, and afterwards in book form.

THE SECRET GLORY: [1922]

The Secret Glory | By Arthur Machen | London :
Martin Secker

Crown 8vo; pp. iv + 312, consisting of Half-title, *The Secret Glory* | [publisher's device] (with a list of books *By the same Author* and *Note* on verso), pp. [i, ii]; Title-page, as above (with Dedication *To | Vincent Starrett* on verso), pp. [iii, iv]; Text, pp. 1-303; p. [304] blank; *Epilogue*, pp. 305-[309]; pp. [310-312] are occupied by advertisements of books. Printers' imprint at foot of p. [309] as follows: *Printed in Great Britain at | The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.*

Issued in black buckram, lettered across the back in gilt as follows: *The | Secret | Glory* | [ornament] | *Machen | Secker* Both sides blank. Top edges painted light green, fore-edges unopened, lower edges trimmed. Plain white end-papers.

There is no date of publication.

.

The humble have many treasures; and one of the greatest of these is the gift of vision. I do not mean by this the vision of the higher kind, or the sight of those things which it is not lawful to utter, nor even that lower gift which enables the palmist and the astrologer to do some very astounding things every now and again. The vision I speak of has nothing to do with this or that; and yet we poor folk certainly are enabled to see the secrets of many hearts, and this *ex opere operato*; from the very fact of our humble condition. I have been in my day both a strolling player and a newspaper reporter. Neither occupation, I fear, is held in very high esteem, and thus from both careers I have been enabled to gather certain very

choice observations. For example, soon after I joined the reporting staff of the London "Evening News," I was sent to interview an old actor acquaintance, on his commencing manager. I often used to meet him in places of theatrical resort when I was playing at the St. James's Theatre in 1902-1904. He was always very pleasant, and he invariably told me of his great quarrel with George Alexander. I forget what the quarrel was about, but I know it contained the brisk incident of Alexander suddenly popping out of his brougham in Bond Street, and shaking his fist in the face of the astonished player who was sauntering harmless on the pavement of that pleasant western thoroughfare, thinking no evil. Well, I had listened to this tale so often that I felt that it was almost a link between us, and years afterwards when the interview with the new manager was "assigned" to me I was pleased at the opportunity of renewing an old acquaintance. He received me with cold dignity and observed: "You will of course understand that the last thing I want is vulgar puffery."

And it was as a reporter that I was once the guest of Keble College, Oxford.

And then the stage has its opportunities of a similar kind. Once on a time I was strolling in "Pastorals," that kind of theatrical entertainment which is given in the open air—unless it comes on to rain, and then the company and some of the audience adjourn to the town hall or the village schoolroom, where two geraniums in pots and one aspidistra in the same, artistically arranged on the platform, represent, with a technique that is quite Chinese, "these woods" of the Forest of Arden, declared in the text to be more free from peril than the envious court. Well, in the course

of one of these old pastoral tours, my management, Messrs. Garnet Holme and Harcourt Williams, had secured a "cert." That is, we were to give our show at a fixed fee from a gentleman who was entertaining all friends round Stow-on-the-Wold at a garden party. The gentleman lived in a noble fifteenth-century house in that noble old village. He was waiting for us at his arched doorway; waiting eagerly. Not exactly out of the spirit of antique hospitality: but, to warn the players to go up by the back stairs. As we went up he called another and a still more stringent warning after us: we were by no means to use any of the hot water from his bath-room tap. I am sorry to say that Henry Herbert—now a "star" in America, I believe—at once had a hot bath, not because he wanted such a thing, but because his was a spirit that revolted against all the forms and circumstances of oppression. Hungry and thirsty we came to that house after a long railway journey, hungry and thirsty we left it in the evening, though the tea spoons were clinking in the saucers, though the ice chimed musically in the big jugs of claret cup, though there must have been an abundance of broken victuals; bread and butter and cake, which would be either thrown away or given to the pigs. I believe the gentleman was a retired potter of the Five Towns.

Then there was another occasion, like but yet unlike to the Adventure of Stow-on-the-Wold. Again, we were a company of Pastoral Players, again the management had got a "cert." But this time our host was the late Duke of Norfolk, not a retired potter. Well, need I say more? the Duke treated us poor vagabonds as if we had all been dukes and duchesses, with the kindest hospitality and the most genial friendliness.

So much in explanation of the gift of vision which is vouchsafed to the poor and humble; and now for that particular application of the doctrine which serves as comment to "The Secret Glory." Those who have read that tale are aware that it shows a certain lack of enthusiasm for the *ethos* of our great public schools. Well, in 1904, my old master, the Admirable Sir Frank Benson, was touring some of the big public schools with a representation that had been at his heart for many years. This was the *Æschylean* Trilogy: the *Agamemnon*, the *Libation Bearers* and the *Furies*. The first school to be visited was Harrow. Of course, the whole affair had been arranged with the school authorities; the performance was given in the school Speech Room; and, I suppose, Harrow School was in a sense the host, and we, of the Benson Company, were the school guests.

In the Greek classics we read that guests and strangers are the children of God. But I believe that for many years the study of the classics has declined in our schools. It has been pointed out by weighty authorities that Homer and Virgil do not lead to eminence in that form of swindling the public which is called "business" and more nobly still "big business." I am willing to suppose that young Harrow as long ago as 1904 had realised this, and was devoting its attention to more up to date studies: the manufacture of stinks and shocks and the careful and daily perusal of the *Daily Mail*. This curriculum, perhaps, fails to deal with the treatment due to guests, especially to guests of a humble kind. At any rate, the Benson Company was escorted up Harrow High Street—the street that goes up "the Hill" that makes your heart thrill when you think of the day when you came so

strange and shy—by gangs of boys who were lavish of such courtesies as are usually bestowed on procurers and prostitutes. Some of the girls of the Company had their back hair pulled; the manly English school-boys wanted to find out whether it were real: insults and offensiveness of every sort were rained on all.

At this time, there was a show on the Halls, a sort of Glee Party, called Somebody's Eton Boys. I was telling a friend the story of our reception at Harrow. He spoke of the "Eton Boys," and suggested that we ought to run an opposition show, to be called "Wood's Harrow Boys"—Dr. Wood was then headmaster of Harrow.

"If," he said, meditatively, "if there were any reason to suppose that we could find in the worst slums of London a gang of hooligans offensive enough to be able to play the Boys."

Thus, it will be noted, the poor strollers, by reason of their low estate, were given a vision of the heart of "the Hill" which would never be vouchsafed to the Prince of Wales.

So much for the *ethos* of the Great Public Schools, as it is dealt with in "The Secret Glory." Another point in that work relates to the tributes which schoolmasters bestow on one another. I depict them as writing highly offensive folly concerning their colleagues. Not long ago, a few days, in fact, after the publication of "The Secret Glory," I read a review of "Edmond Warre," a life of a late Eton headmaster. Here is the sort of thing that Dr. Warre's colleagues wrote of him.

"I distinctly feared," writes one of them, "Warre's accession. I feared the dominance of athletics, his own autocratic ways, his strict adherence to the routine of what I thought rather a

narrow and dry 'scholasticism.' The change came, and never was a more delightful surprise—it was like a fresh wind from the sea blowing into the place."

Another :

"I like to think," said a later colleague and successor, "that Warre regarded the school as a great army on the march, the pace of which must necessarily be kept uniform."

The Lower Master :

Warre's visits to schoolroom were tremendous, there is no other word for it. The door flew open and in he swept. The boys sprang up with palpitating hearts, and the master looked suddenly bewildered. Yet there was nothing to fear ; the awe was that naturally felt in the presence of majesty.

Another one, on his *Boots!*

They were not ungainly nor policemanlike boots, but only the Head could have wielded them—and "wield" is the only verb that fits the case. . . . he seemed hardly mortal in his bigness.

Yet another, on his Voice, which Vibrated :

This vibration had an effect on one's spine like that of the fiddles in the overture to "Tristan."

So here was a Head—very likely the poor man in real fact was as harmless and as decent a pedagogue as ever took the Sixth in Sophocles—who was like a fresh wind from the sea, who thought that every one of his thousand scholars must learn their lessons at the same rate, just as an army must march at the same pace, who gave the boys a well-known functional disease of the heart by opening a door, bewildered the masters—no great feat, it would seem—wielded boots that none

else of men could wield—cf. Bow of Odysseus—was of ordinary height but seemed hardly mortal in his bigness, and had a voice like fiddles!

I give it up! I tried in “The Secret Glory” to parody the sort of rot that schoolmasters write about each other; but I find that my attempt was useless. These Eton masters on their late Head read like an extravagant parody of my parodies.

What can such fellows as these teach—save cant?

There was once (1830–1840) a Berkshire Tory Squire, an old Winchester boy named Hughes, who wrote a letter of grave rebuke to a son at Rugby. The son, a præpostor, was accused of having allowed an Italian image-man to be “ragged” by the boys. And the father, who seems to have belonged to that interesting though extinct species called “Christian Gentleman,” wrote—I quote from memory—

“Do you not know that it is the special privilege of a gentleman to protect the poor; and that he who despises the poor despises the ordinance of God in making them so?”

Ah, if old Mr. Hughes—he was the father of the author of “Tom Brown’s Schooldays”—could have seen the Harrovians hounding their guests, the play actors and play-actresses, through Harrow street!

FAR OFF THINGS: 1922

Large Paper Edition

Far Off Things | By Arthur Machen | London: Martin Secker

Wide demy 8vo; pp. iv + 160, consisting of Half-title, *Far Off Things* (with list of books *By the same Author* on verso), pp. [i, ii]; Title-page, as above (with *London: Martin Secker Ltd. (1922)* at foot of verso), pp. [iii, iv]; Certificate of Issue, as follows: *One hundred copies only have been | printed on large paper, each signed by | the Author, for sale in England and | America. This is No.* (each copy numbered in ink) | (signed in ink by the author:) *Arthur Machen* (verso blank), pp. [1, 2]; *Dedication | To Alfred Turner*, pp. 3, 4; Text, pp. 5-[159]; Author's Note, p. [160]. Printers' imprint at foot of p. [160] as follows: *Printed in Great Britain at | The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.*

Issued in saxe boards, with white paper name and title-label on back lettered across in black as follows: *Far Off Things | by | Arthur | Machen |* [two lines, one thick and one thin] *| Secker* Both sides blank. Top edges cut, fore-edges unopened, lower edges uncut. White end-papers.

The Large Paper Edition of "Far Off Things" was published several weeks *before* the Ordinary Edition.

FAR OFF THINGS : 1922

Ordinary Edition

Far Off Things | By Arthur Machen | London : Martin Secker

Crown 8vo ; pp. iv + 160, consisting of blank leaf, pp. [i, ii] ; Half-title, *Far Off Things* (with a list of books *By the same Author* on verso), pp. [iii, iv] ; Title-page, as above (with *London : Martin Secker Ltd. (1922)* at foot of verso), pp. [1, 2] ; *Dedication* | *To Alfred Turner*, pp. 3, 4 ; Text, pp. 5-[159] ; *Author's Note*, p. [160]. Printers' imprint at foot of p. [160] as follows : *Printed in Great Britain at | The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.*

Issued in light green cloth, lettered across the back in gilt as follows : *Far Off* | *Things* | [ornament] | *Machen* | *Secker* Both sides blank. Top edges painted light green, fore-edges trimmed, lower edges uncut. White end-papers.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY MAN: 1915

This *opus* has never been published in book form. It appeared, serially, in "The Evening News" in March-June, 1915. It is a magic book. It has the singular quality of making strong publishers turn pale at the mere thought of issuing it. It may not be irrelevant to remark—I have used the phrase before in these notes—that it is a favourite of mine.

It is a book that I was "going to write" for many years. I used to think of it on February nights, when high winds blew and sounded in the chimney, reminding me of the mountain winds that blew about my old home at Llanddewi, at the top of the long hill from Caerleon. It is seldom that one hears the great winds in London, and the noise and rumour of them at night always brings back to me the thought of the old days and the old ways; dark winter woods, dead fires, dead faces: the mountain in the west, the forest in the east, and a wild land between them. I was always going to write this book—and I never should have written it, if Alfred Turner, then editor of "The Evening News," had not given me the order to write it for his paper. For that office of his, in spite of the publishers' pale faces, I am profoundly grateful to him.

The puzzle to me is, how he knew that the book was there.

.

So far I had written, when "The Confessions" was actually accepted by Martin Secker. But I changed the title. I knew that the mere mention of such words

as "literary," "literature," will send the reading public rushing away in mad panic, as they rush away when somebody raises the cry "Fire!" at the theatre. So the printed book is called "Far Off Things."¹ I have dedicated it to Alfred Turner with very deep gratitude.

¹ See collation on pp. 56, 57.

